Your Hand Is Over My Heart

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Your Hand Is Over My Heart

by MintyEcco

Summary

Nearly ready to capture the Chesapeake Ripper, Will finds it difficult not to fall entirely under his spell as he attempts to keep up the illusion of care that has allowed him to get this close to Hannibal. Only to have the illusion pulled out from under him as the Doctor asks him to dance.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Sitting quietly on Hannibal's couch Will perouses one of the multitude of reading options presented to him by the cannibal.

The way things had gone down tonight was he'd popped by to have their now usual evening meal together but the doctor had insisted he'd stay the night, or at least a little longer.

Ushering him aside into the living room he said he needed to go grab something from upstairs and had left him there to wonder what it could be.

It didn't take long for his nerves to kick in and his head to begin to be filled with whispers of his destruction.

Hannibal had somehow caught on.

Hannibal knew he intended to betray him.

Hannibal was going to get someone else for him to kill to prove his transformation to be true.

As a way to try and calm down he'd pick up a book at random and prayed that it would be enough to mask the real fear that was beginning to bubble up inside of him.

He couldn't begin to be afraid of him *now*.

Not everything he'd done.

Everything he'd put on the line.

This had to work.

This was going to work.

No matter what he was going to catch the Ripper and surgically remove him from his life.

Finally being set free from this hell on earth he'd found himself in.

The creak of the wood alerts Will to another presence in the room and his eyes dart upward to see Hannibal looming in the doorway. A record player in hand he seemingly glides over to the nearest outlet and begins setting it up.

"I don't know why but it never crossed my mind that you'd own one of those." Will remarks, setting aside the book on the pleather couch he stands up to join Hannibal next to the dated object.

Lost to time it's appeal only now applied to those trying to grasp the feeling of something long gone.

Like him and the FBI.

Still intending to help them even though he knows that it won't ever be the same like before he was framed.

Beverly was gone and he was a changed man.

There was no going back.

"I find appeal in items that most in our world have cast aside for the promise of better." Standing up straight he glances over Will, "Antiques have their collectors, after all. Though this is intended for more practical use."

"How so? I doubt you'd find much to listen to on it now."

"Celebration." Hannibal states with a certainty that would shake any man. "I want tonight to be a celebration to us, Will, and how far we've come."

With that the needle falls onto an already set up record and the room is plunged into melodramatic hell as Tchaikovsky plays around them.

The old crackling of the disk spinning around and around adding that extra bit off putting nature to it all.

Perfect for the two of them.

A pair made to decisive those until it was much too late to run. With their cracks only slipping out when they were ready to snap.

Will blinks at him in befuddlement, "I don't exactly see how this is celebrator–" the rest of the sentence dies in his mouth as Hannibal offers out his hand.

"Would you do me the pleasure of dancing with me, Will?" Hannibal enquiries, his eyes melting into this puppy dog like plea as he waits with bated breath for his master to give him a treat.

And Will can't resist a good puppy. Especially when they've been playing along so nicely.

Tentatively he takes Hannibal's hand and nods, "It would be my honor to share this dance with you, Hannibal."

With a delicately painted on grin Hannibal pulls Will in and whispers, "The honor is all mine, Will." Before the begin to glide across the hardwood floor.

Will feeling himself slip away in the face of Hannibal's powerful presence so close to his own.

Like a princess finally dancing with her prince at a grand ball at that moment everything seemed to make sense in the world.

They were meant to be.

Perfectly made to fit together and never come apart.

Yet the blood still hung in the air.

The rot and decay that hid under the floorboards felt like it began to ooze out at the same moment their feet spun across it.

It was a dream and a nightmare wrapped into one.

Fixed in just the right way that no one could see the truth until it was far too late.

But Will wasn't ready to let it be too late.

No matter how much he felt his heart ache now he fought back against the urge to melt into Hannibal.

He had to remain steadfast.

He had to do this, and come out on top of the mad cannibal.

Or else what was it all worth?

Hannibal suddenly stills, losing pace with the music he cocks his head to one side. "You were doing so well, Will. What happened? You're suddenly stiff as a board." He muses, freeing one of his hands to run across Will's cheek to his chin until his eyes are looking at him.

"Nerves, you know they easily get the better of me."

"You've never had a problem with them before. Not when you were disposing of the pigs, so why now?"

Will can't help but nervously swallow as Hannibal's eyes prob over him. Trying to detect the truth behind the lies that Will was vainly trying to feed him.

It was easy enough to catch when he was lying to him, after all.

"Not that, I mean– *all* of this." Will suddenly pulls away, turning his back to Hannibal to try and regain his composure before his compromise became too apparent.

He was already giving away too much.

He couldn't show weakness around him unless he was prepared for him to pounce.

He'd had just about enough of that as is now.

"Are we really going to be able to escape from– this." Playing into self doubt was a safe enough bet. It left him open to attack, but by now it wouldn't make sense for Hannibal to be able to dig the knife in deep enough to harm Will to any extent. He'd already allowed himself to go through all of Hannibal's trials. What more could he have left? "Jack's never going to stop looking for us. No matter where we run he'll find our trail eventually."

“Then we’ll run to the ends of the earth and back again until one of us is rotting away.” Hannibal soothes, walking up and embracing Will. Wrapping his arms around his wait and resting his head on his shoulders. “No matter how hard he tries we’ll always be three steps ahead of him, Will. There is no need to worry.”

“But I still am.” He grunts, again pulling away from Hannibal’s grip. His heart starting to beat out of his chest due to the sudden intimacy of what just happened.

It wasn’t foreign to Will that Hannibal would often do actions that seemed off the beaten path in regards to their relationship, but that felt bold even for him.

“There are so many details that we haven’t considered. This all could fall apart in an instant, and what would we have left then?”

“The time we had together.” Hannibal states as simply as fact.

Will turns to face him and promptly stares at him in utter confusion.

“Were you expecting more?”

“I didn’t realize our time together was really that important to you.”

“You thought I was lying?” The wounded nature of his voice makes Will even more confused. This wasn’t the same cannibalistic murder he’d set out to capture. This was something more– elusive. Something he’d been blocking out of the equation.

“I thought it was all apart of some big elaborate web you’ve been weaving. You can’t tell me I’m wrong to assume that when I got sent to jail for not recognizing the last one.” He tries to wave away, “It just didn’t make any sense.”

“Why doesn’t it make sense, Will?” Hannibal’s body language suddenly shifts to become more akin to when he’s in a therapy session. That tacticale look in his eye Will had gotten so used to seeing returning in full force as he tries to break down the conundrum suddenly presented before him.

“Because why would you be interested in me! So you could form me into the next mass murder?” He starts to laugh, taking a few steps away from Hannibal as he does. Realizing he was going in too deep.

This was becoming too much.

And he was losing the Ripper.

Yet he can’t help but get one last blow in, “So you could finally find someone who can understand you?!”

His gut drops to the ground as he witnesses in real time Hannibal stiffen straight up and look down at Will as if he were something to be stepped on. “What else would this be?” He enquires coolly.

Plans shifting around in his head that Will will never be able to understand.
The needle reaches the end of the record before either of them has a chance to say anything else.

Hannibal turns toward it and half heartedly states, “I think it’s time for you to go now, Will. I’m sure your dogs are beginning to worry about you.”

He’d let his hook get away from him.

Now lost in the vast rift between one side of the river and the next Will frantically tries to come up with some way to get it back.

Watching as Hannibal strides towards the front door, muttering “I’ll get your coat”, Will looks back to the record player and quickly walks over to it.

Lifting the needle up he patiently waits for Hannibal’s return. Reminding himself that what he was about to do was just for the investigation.

Nothing more and nothing less.

He was doing this for the cause.

That was it.

The moment Hannibal appears in the door way, coat in toe, the needle drops down onto the record and the music strikes up again.

Looking at Will unfazed the most he offers is a sigh. Making his way over to the other man he holds out the coat only to find that Will has taken a hold of his hand.

Doing the his best sickly sweet voice possible Will humbly requests, “Just one more dance before I go?”

His lip curls upwards seemingly in disgust before, to Will’s relief he nods his head. Tossing aside the coat and grabbing onto Will’s hand with more gusto than before. “One more dance.”

As they begin to spin around the room once more Will allows himself to lean more and more on Hannibal until his head is right on top of his chest. His heart beat being strikingly noticeable now and seems to be at an elevated rate making Will smile softly.

It was working.

“I didn’t mean to insult you.” Will breathes out, unsure if that would break the seeming spell that had fallen upon both of them as they began to sway in place.

“You need more work than I anticipated, Will. But I am willing to put in the effort needed to fix it.” Hannibal comforts, “Things will become clearer soon enough.”

As he says this he suddenly spins Will around and dips him down. So close to the hard wood that Will couldn’t help but believe Hannibal intended to let him fall.

“I’ll make sure you see the same version of you I do.” He whispers down at him, leaning down close and gently placing a kiss on Will’s lips.

Pulling him back up after he fetches Will’s coat while he stands as still as a statue. Desperately trying to process what just happened only to find himself outside of Hannibal’s house before he even realizes.

“Tomorrow then?” He makes sure to ask before closing the front door.

Still in a daze he half-heartedly sputters out, “Ye-Yeah, tomorrow.” and begins his trek back to his car.

Finally coming to accept, as he does, that this was going to be harder than he thought.

End Notes

The first 800 words of this was written in a creative fit where I had Duet from the Omori soundtrack playing on repeat and I feel like that kind of explains the vibe this gives off.

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